

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
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NOT MARRIED YET.

A POPULAR SONG—By GEO. P. MORRIS.

I'm single yet—I'm single yet!
And years have flown since I came out;
In vain I sigh—in vain I fret!
Ye gods! what are the men about?
I vow I'm twenty—oh, ye powers!
A spinster's lot is hard to bear—
On earth alone to pass her hours,
And afterwards lead apes—down there.

No offer yet—no offer yet!
I'm puzzled quite to make it out;
For every bean my cap I set,
What, what, what are the men about?
They don't propose—they won't propose,
For fear, perhaps, I'd not say "yes!"
Just let them try—for heaven knows
I'm tired of single-blessedness.

Not married yet—not married yet—
The deuce is in the men, I fear!
I'm like a—something to be let,
And to be let alone—that's clear!
They say "she's pretty—but no chick—"
And love without it runs in debt!"
It agitates my nerves to think
That I have had no offer yet!

Gymnastics Ensure the Necessary Intermittence of Mental Labor.

The mind of a man, still more of a child, is incapable of long perseverance in mental exertion. This is generally acknowledged truth; to which I shall add one more to the same purpose, which is less known. Young men, and those who are not advanced in years, if healthy and of warm constitutions, are never greatly inclined to mental exertion till their bodies are to a certain degree fatigued, I do not say wholly exhausted. Till this fatigue is produced their body has a preponderance over the mind; and in this case it is a truly natural want, which cannot easily be silenced. Each muscle requires exertion, and the whole machine strives to employ its powers. This is vulgarly called, to have no sit-flesh; if the fatigue be once brought on, the call for bodily exertion is still, the mind is no longer disturbed by it, and all its labors are facilitated. Our common mode of education pays no regard to this. Youths appear in school to be strengthened by sleep and food, and too frequently, alas! thrown into unnatural heat and commotion. How is it possible to fix the attention under such circumstances! The body requires action; if this be not allowed, it will obtain it in silence, it will set upon the passions, and above all the fiery temperament of youth will inflame the imagination. Thus attention slumbers. We are barbarous when we attempt to awaken it with the rod; we require from innocent children what is unnatural; we inflict pain on the body to prevent its action; yet activity was bestowed on it by its Creator, and nature renovates this activity every night. The mind is soon carried away by the whirlwind of corporeal energies and lost in the realm of chimeras.

A Curious Sermon.

An English paper contains the following curious discourse, said to have been lately delivered by an eccentric preacher in Oxford:
"I am none of your fashionable, fine spoken, mesly mouthed preachers, I tell you the plain truth. What are your pastimes? Cards and dice, fiddling and dancing, guzzling and glutting? Can you be saved by dice? No. Will the four knaves give you a passport to Heaven? No! Can you fiddle yourself into a good berth among the sheep? No! You will dance yourselves to damnation among the goats! You may guzzle wine here, but you'll want a drop of water to cool your parched tongue hereafter. Will the prophets rant and swear, and shuffle and cut with you? No. They are no shufflers. You will be cut in a way you little expect. Lucifer will come with his reapers, and sickles, and forks; and you will be cut down and bound, and carted, and pitched into hell! I will not oil my lips with lies to please you! I tell you the plain truth. Profane wretches! I have seen you wrangle, and bawl, and heard you tell one another 'I'll see you d—d first!' but I tell you the day will come when you will pray to Belzebub to escape his clutches. And what do you think will be his answer. 'I'll see you d—d first!'"

GRAMMAR ANECDOTE.—A student in Grammar did not consider the smartest, was asked by a lawyer, who wanted a joke, to tell the difference between the words *also* and *likewise*? why, says the lad, your neighbor (naming him) is a lawyer and likewise an honest man; and you are a lawyer, but not likewise. The querist not liking such an illustration of the grammatical distinction, sheered off.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JENNISON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, June 1, 1844.

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An Ingenious Friar.

The corruptions of the twelfth century are well illustrated by a very amusing anecdote of a handsome Italian friar, *terre atque rotundus*, about thirty, and extremely bold and eloquent; doubtless one of that class so felicitously limned by Thompson:

"A little round, fat, oily man of God Was one I chiefly marked among the fry; He had a roguish twinkle in his eye And shone as glittering with ungodly dew, If a light damsel chanced to trippen by; Which when observed he shrunk into his new And straight would recollect his piety anew."

One day at a remote confessional of the church he declared an unholy and forbidden passion to a young and beautiful married lady, whom he had long "followed with his eyes," and begged permission to visit her at her residence. Struck with surprise at this new revelation of his character, she evaded reply, being secretly minded to inform her husband, when she returned home, which she did, word for word. He told his wife to contrive to let the friar come, alone and in secret, the next evening, which chanced to be that of Saturday, and the night before the Sunday of Saint Lazarus, on which occasion the friar was to preach. The appointment was made; the friar came true to the late hour which had been designated; was received at the door and shown into the lady's bedroom by a servant, who informed him that she had desired him to retire to rest, and to say that "she would be with him straight." The friar prepared to comply with the direction, and was about stepping into bed, when the door opened suddenly, and the lady entered in great apparent trepidation, exclaiming: "My husband is knocking at the door! For heaven's sake slip into that chest," showing him a double apartment, "and lie there until I see what may be done! Meanwhile I will hide your clothes somewhere or other, as well as I am able. Heaven knows I fear more for your holy person than I do for my own life!" The unfortunate wretch, seeing himself reduced to such a pass, did as the lady desired; while the husband, presently coming in, retired to rest with his wife, who had first locked the friar in the chest. The poor prisoner uttered sundry involuntary noises in the course of the night, and was in the direst terror at the inquiries which they awakened on the part of the husband.

Daylight at length came, and the church bell began to ring for prayers, which greatly annoyed the captive, who was to preach at the cathedral. The husband having risen, ordered two servants to carry the chest to the church and place it in the middle, saying they were ordered to do so by the preacher; and that unlocking the chest without raising the lid, they should leave it there; all which the fellows did neatly. Every body stared, and wondered what all this could mean; some said one thing and some another. At last the bell having ceased to ring and no one appearing in the pulpit, or any part of the church, a young man rose and said:—"Really, the good friar makes us wait too long; pray let us see what he has ordered to be bro't in this chest. Having said this much, he before all the congregation lifted up the lid, and looking in, beheld the friar in his shirt, pale, almost frightened to death, and certainly appearing more dead than alive, and as if buried in the chest. Finding himself discovered, however, he collected his mind as well as he could, and stood upright, to the great astonishment of all present; and having taken his text from the Sunday of Lazarus, he thus addressed his congregation, "My dear brethren: I am not at all astonished at your surprise in seeing me brought before you in this chest, or rather at my ordering myself to be brought thus; ye know that this is the way in which our holy church commemorates the wonderful miracle our Lord performed on the person of Lazarus, in raising him from the dead who had been buried four days.—I was desirous in your favor to present myself to you as it were in the form of this man, in order that seeing me in the chest, which is no other than an emblem of the sepulchre wherein he had been buried, you might be moved more effectually to the consideration of what perishable things are; and that seeing me stripped of all worldly decorations, thus in my shirt, you may be convinced of the vanity of the things of this world, the which, if only duly considered, may tend greatly to the amending of your lives. Will you believe that since yesterday night I have been a thousand times dead, and revived as Lazarus was; and considering my dreadful situation, remember (as it were with the memory of a similar penance in your hearts) that we must all die, and trust to Him who can bestow life eternal; and first ye must die to sin, to avarice, to rapine, to lust, and all those sinful deeds to which our nature prompts us." In such language, and in such manner, did the friar continue his sermon. The husband astonished at the extraordinary presence of mind which he displayed, laughed heartily at his success; and in consideration of the adroitness of the culprit, did not attempt any further revenge; "but," it is added, "he took very good care to shut his door in future against all such double faced hypocrites."

From the New Orleans Picayune. SCENE IN A SANCTUM.

The editor is at his table, his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling, seemingly engaged upon a most minute and curious examination of a spider's web in the corner of the ceiling. Suddenly the editor dashes his pen into the ink stand, drops his eyes to the paper, flirts the extra ink from his pen into the eye of a bust of Byron behind him, and commences scratching away with great energy.

"Even so dropped into oblivion the changing shadows of evening. Fold after fold of the golden, tinted clouds pass before the vision and while in ecstatic reverie, the mind soars away into heavenly conceptions."

"Please Sir, is the editor in?" says an excellent daughter of Hibernia, with an innocent preliminary arrangement of the next generation in her arms.

"There he is behind the curtain," says one of the clerks.

"Is there he is, is it?"

"Yes."

"And can I go in there?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Hush—whisper—is he decent?"

"Is he what?"

"The editor gentleman—he's not dangerous?"

"Perfectly ferocious."

"Now, is he atrocious, and no charity for a lone woman?"

"O, try him, try him—don't bother me."

"Good morning, Sir," says the woman, crossing herself inside of the little green baize door.

The editor bends low over the paper, and scratches a way harder than ever:

"While the soul gently yields itself to those sacred emotions only to be known when the calm and peace and starry loveliness is near."

"Please, Sir, may I have a word with you?"

"Good woman, what do you want?"

The editor, dashing his pen on the floor, and running his ten "pickers and steelers" furiously through the hair.

"But! but! now, don't be atrocious, there's a honey!"

"What do you want?"

"Well, then, truth it's not much, and I can tell you, if you'll not give way to your temper, and be atrocious with me, as the young man told me,—"

"I'd give five dimes for the privilege of swearing five minutes at the woman," mutters the editor between his teeth, as he pokes his head under the table in search of his pen.

"So thin, I'll not detain your attention long; for truth, and sure enough for ye, it's better business must be troubling the like of ye's."

The woman lays her little bundle of mortal animation upon the table, and deliberately takes possession of a chair, drawing in a confidential and mysterious manner toward the editor.

"Well, go on; what do you want?"

"Please, Sir, I am from Ireland."

"Good gracious, ma'ain, you needn't tell me that."

"Whisht, now,—be aisy!—I'm from Ireland and it's an honest living I'd be getting, and that's just what brings me to yourself, and true it is, that I'm tellin' you, the Lord preserve us all for that same!"

"Brimstone and—? you want a place?"

"The blessings of St. Dennis be upon you, and may the sun ever smile upon the likes of ye's."

"What are you praying about? I say, do you want a place?"

"And what for shouldn't I pray, to be sure? and slandhur it is, by the same token, for the youth at the books there, tho' he may be your son, for he looks enough like you—and it's handsome he is, at that—slandhur it is, Sir, to say your atrocious, when no one could be kinder to a lone woman, and!"

"Razors and red ink! how shall I get rid of this woman! James, by heaven's sake, take this woman out of here and attend to her. It's the old story—she wants to advertise for a place, and she's got no money to pay for it—and she has just buried her grand mother—and—there; do every thing she wants—take her away!"

The woman goes to the clerk's desk, and the editor resumes his writing.

"Then it is that rosy joy seems to dance laughingly before us along the primrose path of happiness, and!"

Here the editor stops, scratches his head, and commences another visual exploration of the cobweb in the corner, while the woman continues distracting his thoughts by talking to the clerk out side.

"Yes, Sir, it's a maid servant, sure, or a nurse for children, or anything; and sure enough the gentlemen is atrocious—man and the Lord assist him—I suppose its politics that's demencing him."

The editor resolutely scratches away upon the paper again:

"Absorbed in a sweet calm of the spirit, we glow with gratitude for the rapture of breathing life—the serenity of twilight awakens every

faculty to the preceptions of bliss, and the cherub Hope!"

"Ba-a-ba! ha-a-ha! ba-a-ha-ha-ha!"

"Ten thousand thunders! with a quantity of lightning to match! Who brought a baby here? You, woman! you—! take this child off my table, or I'll give it the inkstand for a pap-cup!"

The woman runs in and runs off with her child, the editor stamps and swears, and tears up his manuscript, the devil comes down for copy, and upon a fine tableau here the curtain falls. This is a genuine sketch from real life, that every editor in the land will recognize as a true picture, though out of a thousand other like vexations, this makes but one scene in a sanctum.

The Opening at Waterloo.

The place where we were directed to execute this formation, chanced to be particularly favorable for obtaining a view over the whole field of battle, as well as the over-night positions of the two armies. And never have these eyes of mine rested on a more imposing scene than for a brief space was spread out before them. As far as the eye could reach, I beheld endless columns of the French, the infantry in front, interlaced as it were, with artillery; while in the rear, were masses of cavalry, in comparison with which, as far as numbers go, we appeared as nothing. Then, again, on our side, I beheld horse, foot, and guns, all in admirable order, hidden in some degree from the enemy by the swell of the ground, all, as their attitudes denoted, thoroughly on the alert; while both on our side and that of the French, staff officers in groups, and orderlies, one by one, were galloping hither and thither, as if they had been the veritable messengers of fate. But the vision was like that which the sleeper obtains when, for a moment, the gates of fairy-land are opened before him. From the hundreds of cannon which sent forth death on each side, such a cloud of smoke arose as soon rendered objects indistinct; and when the musketry began to play, every living and dead thing on the earth's surface was shrouded under a canopy of gray mist. It were idle in one filling the humble situation which I did, to attempt anything like a description of a great battle, especially such a battle as that of Waterloo. From the instant that the firing became general, all was to me dark and obscure, beyond the distance of a few hundred yards from the spot on which I stood; indeed, it was only by the ceaseless roar, or the whistling of shot and shell around me, that I knew at times that I and those near me were playing a part in the grave game of death. For the cavalry, unlike the infantry, came into play only by fits and starts; and they have potentially to sustain the fury of a cannonade, to which they can offer no resistance, and out of the range of which they are not permitted to move.—The Light Dragon.

Green Peas in Winter.

The editor of the Main Cultivator says he saw not long since, "green peas as succulent to all appearance as they were when plucked from the vine some five or six months before." The mode preparing them, is to pick when of the proper size for eating, shell, and carefully dry on cloths in the shade. All the care necessary, is to prevent their moulding; this done they will be fine and sweet. Beans may be preserved in the same way, and with perfect success. If in addition, a stock of green corn is secured at the proper time, as it may easily be, by scalding on the cob when fit for roasting or boiling, and then cutting or shelling the corn from the cob, and carefully drying in the sun, green peas, or beans, or our favorite succotash, may be had the whole year. Those who have never tried it, may be assured that a dish of the latter, in January or March, is luxury.

Peach Trees.

Mr. Lewis Sanders, of Grass Hills, Kentucky, in a communication to the Louisville Journal, says he has found great benefit in protecting peach trees from the worm by the use of wood ashes. He scoops out the earth from about the root of the tree to the depth of 8 or 9 inches, and 18 to 24 inches from the tree. This is done about the first of September, and is left so till about the first of December, when the cavity is filled with leached ashes. Unleached ashes, we suppose, would answer the same purpose, in less quantity. Mr. Sanders says "by exposing the roots to the sun and air, the propagation of the worm is checked, it gives the birds (a particular kind of wood pecker,) a chance to pick them out."

Hints to Farmers.

It is said that spirits of turpentine is a deadly enemy of all the insect tribes, and, consequently, will destroy the bug or worm which is found to prey on wheat and other grain. With a watering pot, finely perforated in the spout, a person may sprinkle a field of ten acres without using more than two or three gallons. The experiment on a small scale may easily be tried.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.

Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Sixteen lines make a square.

A Word to Husbands.

Look, ye husband, a moment, and remember what your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice, a choice based, probably, on what you then considered her superiority to all others. She was young—perhaps the idol of a happy home; she was gay and blithe as the lark, and her brothers and sisters at her father's fire side, cherished her as an object of the endearment. Yet she left all, to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy, and to do all that woman's love can prompt, and woman's ingenuity devise, to meet your wishes, and lighten the burthens that bear upon you on your pilgrimage. She, of course, had her expectations, too. She could not entertain feelings, that promised so much, without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would after marriage perform those kind offices, of which you were so lavish in the days of your betrothment.

She became your wife; left her own home for yours; burst asunder as it were, from the hand of love that had bound her to her father's fireside and sought no other boon than your affections; left it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence; and now, what must be her feelings if she gradually awakens to the consciousness that you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad, that you only come, if at all, to satisfy the demands of hunger, and to find a resting place for your head, when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased? Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Why did you ask her to give up her enjoyments of a happy home? Was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? Was it only to conduce to your own comfort? Or, was there some understanding that she was to be happy in her connection with the man she had dared to love.

Nor is it sufficient that you reply that you give help; you would do it for an indifferent housekeeper. She is your wife, and unless you attend to her wants and in some way answer the reasonable expectations you raised by your attention before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected and her heart sinks into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it.

We repeat it, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met with some outward shock by the indifference, or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion, that in a large majority of instances of domestic misery, the man is the aggressor.

A London Cab Driver's Chat.

At last the vehicle went on, and the driver, with the air of a man who had done something smart, hitched himself straight in his seat and threw his great-coat tails over his knees. "A raw night, sir," said he addressing Mr. Barton. "Go along, you old Tory!" he continued in the same breath, addressing his horse. "Do you see that fellow there, going into Drury-Lane, sir? That man was tried last year for robbing a house, and I dare say he is plotting something now. Go along, Billy!—Meready plays to-night at the Garden, and there's to be a new hoppers at the Lane. Cut along, old horse! There's to be a frantic debate to-morrow in 'ouse of Commons; a regular free and easy. I hear talk of putting down the 'buses; but that ain't true. Pitch it into the wood-pavement, old Herod, the Tetrach (whack, whack, whack!)—That's a regular old-established 'orse, that is, and has been a pretty considerable time in this wale of tears; you see, he knows the short cuts as well as a Christian, and takes as much care of himself as if he had a wife and a family. Push along! (whack, whack!) do you think I stole you? No! (whack, whack, whack!) I should have stolen a livelier 'orse; yet the old tulip has paces when he likes to put them out; but he thinks within himself,—He once ran down a widdy woman, that horse did. Bowl away, old chap; never say skin me! That 'ere little boy has plenty of brothers and sisters, or he never would have run under the 'orse's head that way. My little boy, this mornin', says to me,—he is only rising seven.—Father, says he, I want a pair of top-boots, now! (bending sideways towards Mr. Barton, and striking the horse's flank) 'that's what I call the march of intellect.'—Well, (sitting erect again,) this is a regular daisy night; and we are to have a storm, I can see that. I have to take a gentleman down to the Harry-ade, a Scotch steamer, at nine o'clock; she was to have sailed in the mornin'; but she hurt her windpipe somehow. I wish him joy of his voyage; an how I shall have had two fares out of it. 'Trop away, my daisy! (whack, whack, whack!) My eye! 'int the wind getting up? There will be a heavy crop o' chimney-caps this blessed night, and my gentleman as goes by the Harry-ade, won't he be able to write a spy-letter to his mistis, if he ever gets safe to Leith? There's no kind of death that is more against my grain than that 'ere drowin' of Lord, Lord! it's a nasty thing to be smothered with cold water!"—The Grave-digger.

Lord Brougham Corrected.

A writer in the New Orleans Tropic has addressed a letter to Lord Brougham, in answer to the remarks he made in Parliament, on the subject of a decision by the Criminal Court of Louisiana, condemning an individual to death for having aided in the escape of a slave. The writer takes the liberty of informing his Lordship, that the case alluded to did not occur in Louisiana, but in South Carolina, and that the law under which the sentence was pronounced was not an American but a British law, passed under the administration and by the authority of a British Royal Governor, in 1754, and sanctioned by the signature of the then British Sovereign, George II; and that this law, by some oversight, remained unrecalled on the statute book of South Carolina, (a similar had been repealed in almost all the other States) and was forgotten, until dragged to light by the prosecuting attorney in the above case, and on the conviction of the accused, the court of course had no alternative but to pass sentence of death on him; but he was promptly pardoned, and told "to go and sin no more."